

BitterSweet^{75¢}

December 1978 *The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region* Vol. II, No. 2



Dear Peter-

You know right after I bought Maw that gift from you last week, I headed directly home. It was gittin' pretty dark. So...I decided on a short cut home, over the tracks, out behind the sheds an' head toward the pasture. Well, when I stepped behind the sheds, I heard this squealin' voice say 'Raise 'em turkey'. I tried my best to explain that I didn't have no turkeys, when I felt this hard thing jab my ribs. Why I flung my arms sky high an' let loose of maw's crock. That ole crock came down an' landed square on this fella's head. I never heard a voice change so quick from a high squeal to a deep, 'My gawd'. That fella must of thought a turkey clobbered him. Why he lit out, leaped on the tracks an' the last time I saw him he was just 'bout two ta' three steps ahead of that train. The worst that happened to me was maw's broken crock. An' I haven't the courage to tell her she ain't got a Christmas gift 'cause I ain't got no money right now. The hens stopped layin'.

-Bert

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Dear Bert-

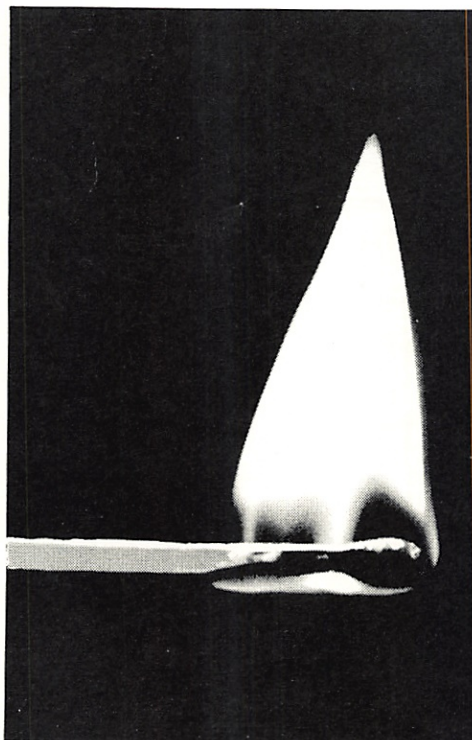
12-78

We can solve your money problems until your hens return to their laying nests. We offer MASTER CHARGE and VISA charge plans.

We still have a few crock pots available, plus many, many other practical gifts, such as, stone ware bread bowls, canners, bean pots, plant pots, wicker baskets, hanger plant brackets, wooden buckets, kettles, carving knife sets.

Please come in and see much more. Peter.

P.s. We stock glue!!



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CHRISTMAS

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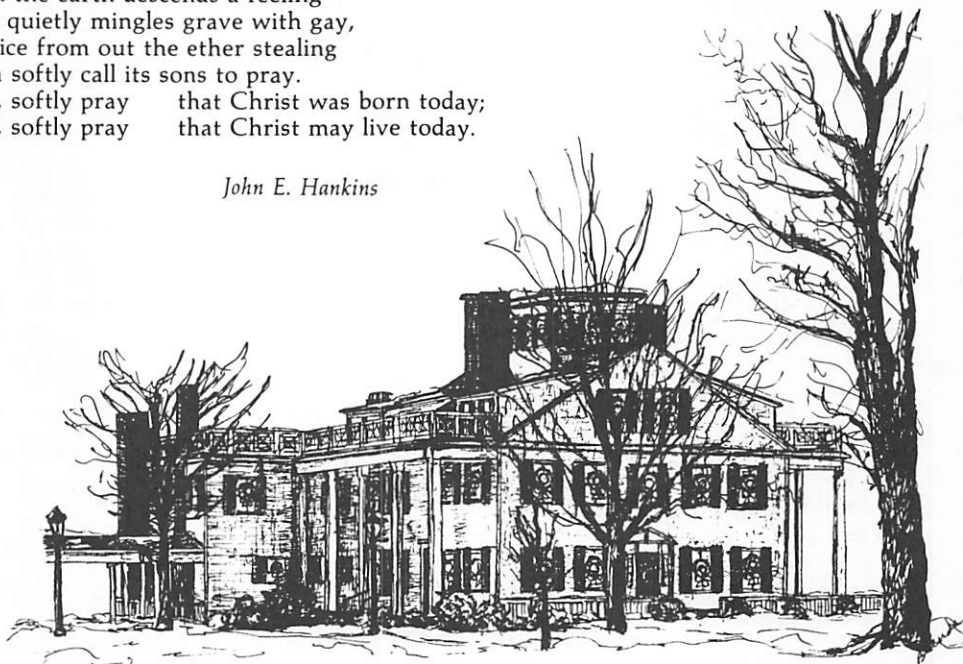
The joyous time of year has come
When hearts are warm and cheeks are bright,
When stirring fife and rattling drum
Fill infant bosoms with delight,
And on the floor a martial sight:
Tin soldiers, flashing in the sun
With burnished arms and armor bright.
Advance in columns, one by one.
March, quickly march in columns one by one;
March, gaily march in columns one by one.

The candles lit and tables spread
With tender warmth and festive cheer
proclaim that all may now be fed
In this glad season of the year.
It is a time to banish fear,
When happinesses come in throngs,
A time when friendships seem more dear,
A time for righting ancient wrongs.
Sing, gladly sing the merry Christmas songs;
Sing, gladly sing the joyous Christmas songs.

A hush! What means this shining cross
With gathered thousands 'round it kneeling?
What grief or heavy sense of lodd

What grief or heavy sense of loss
Pervades the church bells' solemn pealing?
Upon the earth descends a feeling
That quietly mingles grave with gay,
A voice from out the ether stealing
Doth softly call its sons to pray.
Pray, softly pray that Christ was born today;
Pray, softly pray that Christ may live today.

John E. Hankins



roads

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COVER: Christmas Creche by Mary Louise Simpson

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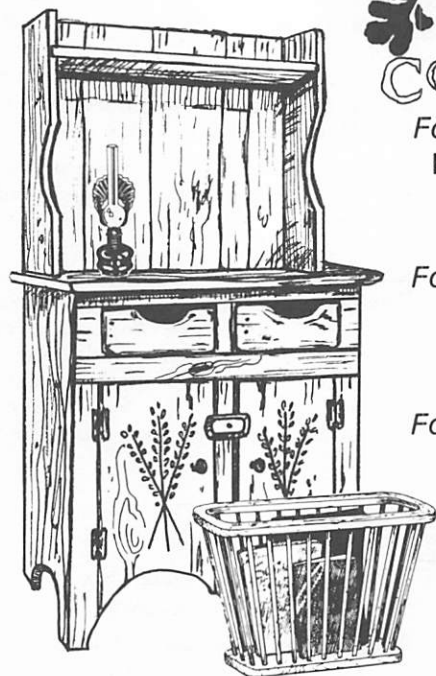
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at
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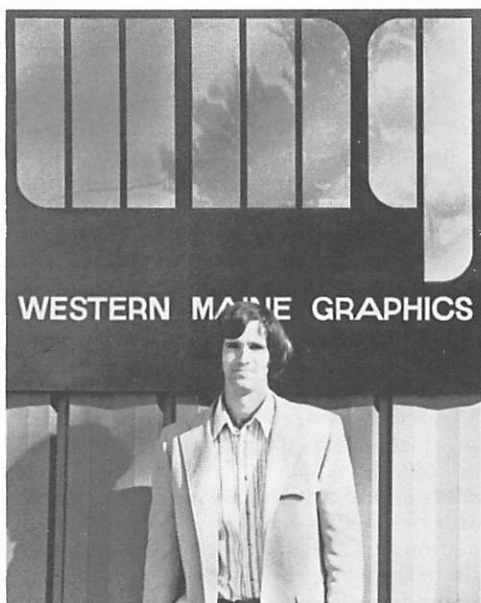
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The Staffs of BitterSweet & Western Maine Graphics

... and our new advertising manager
Tom Stockwell



Western Maine Forest Nursery: Where Christmas is a Year-Round Concern

by Sally Clay

Sixty years ago, a young student at Fryeburg Academy took 1000 white pine seedlings and a dream to the banks of the Saco River. He planted the tiny trees in two acres of rich intervale land given him by his grandfather, nurtured his private forest, and continued his schooling.

By the time T. Clifford Eastman left the University of Maine in 1922 after two years in the College of Agriculture, he had created a thriving business which demanded all of his time and attention. In 1923, after only one year of fulltime operation, his business, the Western Maine Forest Nursery, produced a million white and Scotch pine and white and Norway spruce seedlings, and sent out 150,000 seedlings for the E. I. Dupont Co. His was one of the first nurseries to ship evergreens by mail.

The business grew rapidly. Clifford Eastman's grandfather deeded more of the intervale land to him, and over the years Eastman and his successors bought more farmland in the Saco River plains area outside of Fryeburg. Today that land totals 150 acres in the original intervale area, plus leased land amounting to 35 acres in Fryeburg and Conway.

The nursery now produces as many as five millions seedlings and transplants annually. Millions of seeds are planted each year for dozens of varieties of evergreens. After two or three years, the tender seedlings are transplanted to larger beds where they grow for another two or three years until they reach a height of 6-12 inches. At that time they are harvested, sorted, and shipped to customers all over this country and Canada.

Western Maine sells to large nurseries and individuals alike. The largest number of seedlings is shipped to Christmas tree dealers and to ornamental or garden center nurseries. The nursery grows such traditional Christmas tree varieties as Balsam fir, white spruce, and Scotch pine. It also produces lesser-known varieties such as

Fraser fir, a tree native to high elevations in North Carolina, where it has long been used as a Christmas tree (often called the "Southern Balsam").

Ten to fifteen per cent of the seedlings are sold for reforestation purposes to paper companies and other owners of forest land. Reforestation was the basis of Clifford Eastman's original dream—to replenish areas depleted by cutting or fire.

Another ten to fifteen per cent of the seedlings are sold to individual homeowners, usually on a mail-order basis. The office staff at Western Maine handles catalog distribution and mail orders. From January to March they are deluged with telephone orders from as far away as Utah, the Midwest, and North Carolina.

The nursery encourages its mail-order customers to start their own "home lining-out nursery" by planting five or ten or more of each of the most popular varieties of landscape trees along one side of their property. After a few years, the trees will develop into landscape-size plants that can either remain on the property, be given as gifts, or sold. With other assortments, a homeowner can add plants that will beautify bare areas and provide refuge for wildlife.

At Western Maine, seedlings are harvested and shipped only during a short period in the fall, with eighty per cent shipped in the spring. Because the seedlings must be shipped "bare root," they must be harvested at a time when the plant is dormant and no growth is taking place. When harvested by machine in October or in April and May, they are quickly sorted and packed. During the shipping season, as many as 100,000 plants are processed every day.

In recent years, the company has added Eastman Evergreen Enterprises to its activities. This business consists of drying and selling different varieties of evergreen



Greenhouse supervisor Bill Almy and Harry Eastman examine the white spruce seedlings growing in foam containers

cones to garden centers and individuals for craft and decorative purposes such as wreath-making. As cones dry out, their scales open up like petals on a flower, and the seeds drop out. In addition to selling the dried cones, Western Maine uses these seeds for planting. The nursery buys many of their evergreen cones from outside sources, but they also collect as many as possible locally, advertising every fall for local people who are willing to tramp through the woods in search of the cones.

New this year is a large refrigerated storage building with two plastic-covered greenhouses attached. These new buildings signal a major expansion of the business, because with the refrigerated storage the nursery can maintain a large number of harvested seedlings in their dormant condition and thus greatly increase the volume shipped during favorable weather in the spring.

The two new greenhouses are only the first of a projected number of eight. In the greenhouses, evergreen seeds can be planted in specially-designed foam containers. Most often used is a container of 48 cells for seedlings that will grow 6-8 inches. When planted in these cells and maintained at 72

degrees temperature with some artificial lighting at night, the seedlings can reach six inches high in four months, a process that might take up to two years in the field. Each of the greenhouses can hold up to 200,000 seedlings, most of which will be used for reforestation.

Page 10...



Workers sort American arborvitae for fall shipping

Consider Your Own Christmas

Not only can otherwise idle land provide a
the trees will conserve soil moisture and build up

Almost 50 million Christmas trees are used in the United States every year, and the demand for quality trees is always greater than the supply. Growing the trees can be both satisfying and profitable, and it can be done in almost any kind of soil and on even very hilly or irregular terrain.

A small Christmas tree farmer can grow as few as 200-400 trees on less than a quarter of an acre, and larger plantations can qualify as tree farms for tax benefits. Depending on the type of tree grown, as many as 2700 hundred trees can be planted per acre.

Although some Christmas tree farmers grow their trees from seed, most small growers use four-to-six-year-old seedlings bought from large nurseries. Using these seedling transplants allows for more efficient use of land and shortens the growing time for mature trees. A seedling can reach Christmas tree size of five or six feet in four to eight years, versus eight to twelve years if grown from seed.

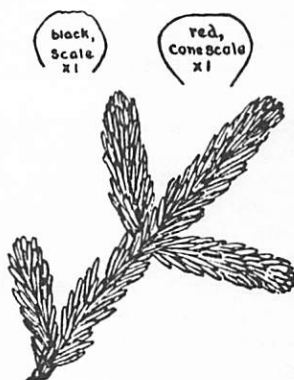
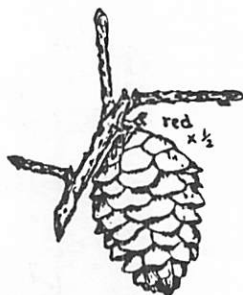
The variety of tree grown depends on the type of soil or terrain of the farm, the length of growing time desired, and the style of tree to be marketed. In general, pine trees grow the fastest and will thrive in poor or sandy soils. However, the pines also require more shearing and shaping and are less in demand

on the Christmas tree market. The Scotch pine, once very much in vogue, has now lost much of its popularity, according to Conrad Eastman, of Western Maine Forest Nursery.

Spruces grow quickly, although not as fast as the pines, and they, too, require some shaping. They grow well in either damp or dry locations. Firs grow more slowly and require better soil conditions and more extensive fertilizing, but they require little or no shaping or pruning. The Balsam fir is the all-time favorite American Christmas tree.

Some specialized equipment is necessary for a well-managed Christmas tree plantation. For hand planting on small farms or on hilly terrain, a planting spade is used to transplant seedlings (see illustration). With this spade a good worker can plant between 500 and 1000 trees a day.

Moving equipment is necessary to prepare the ground for planting and to keep the beds free from grass, weeds, and woody sprouts. Spray equipment and chemicals may be used



Spruces

Tree Plantation

good monetary return annually, but fertility of the land..

to control insects and disease, and shaping equipment such as hand clippers or pruners is essential. For larger farms, all of these operations can be performed with mechanized equipment.

Shaping the trees should generally start when they reach 2½ feet tall. For pines, especially, it is important not to allow more than 8-10 inches between branches. Pines must be sheared in early summer and spruces and firs later in the summer, and each tree should be shaped yearly except on the year of the harvest.

Proper fertilization produces attractive trees. Fertilizing in the early spring before growth starts will increase needle growth and branch and bud formation, as well as improving foliage color. Pines may require little or no fertilization.

Christmas trees can be sold either retail or wholesale, and an estimated return at wholesale prices would be three or four dollars for each dollar invested. Not only can otherwise idle land provide a good monetary return annually but the trees will conserve soil moisture and build up fertility of the land.

HOW TO PLANT YOUR EVERGREENS

One person, using a specially designed planting spade, can plant several hundred trees per day. Follow these easy steps for fast planting.

1. Insert spade straight into ground.



2. Pull back and push forward to form wedge-shaped opening.

3. Spread roots carefully and place tree in hole.

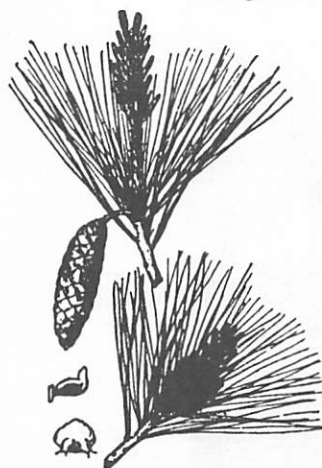


4. Close opening, stamp soil on both sides firmly.

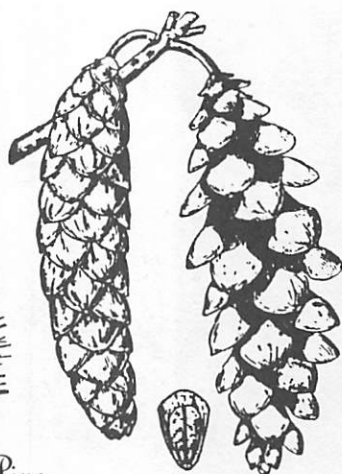
More information on home grown trees can be obtained in a pamphlet entitled, "A Handy Guide for Christmas Tree Growers," available at Western Maine Forest Nursery in Fryeburg, Maine. Or write the National Christmas Tree Association, Inc., 225 East Michigan St., Milwaukee, WI 53202. ■



Balsam Fir



Eastern White Pine





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Although Clifford Eastman did enjoy the phenomenal success of his early business, he did not live to see the many advances in technology that the nursery acquired over the years. While serving as a lieutenant colonel in the Second World War, he was killed in Germany shortly before the signing of the truce.

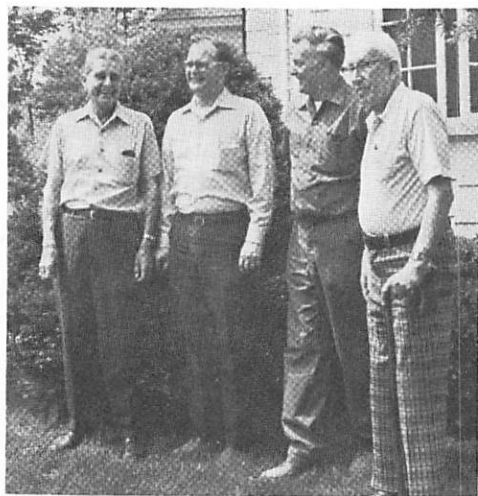
Clifford's brother Harold and co-worker Harry Eastman (no relation) bought the business from Clifford's widow and operated the enterprise as partners until Harold retired in 1969 and Harry in 1973. During that time Harold's son Bob began working weekends, holidays, and vacations while he, too, was a student at Fryeburg Academy and then at the University of Maine. Bob Eastman is now president of the company and manages all production and shipping operations.

Harry Eastman's older son Steve also joined the company. His other son, Conrad, left the state to pursue a career in chemical engineering, but returned in 1971 to allow his children the benefits of a Maine upbringing and to start a consulting business. When Steve left Western Maine Nursery in 1974, Conrad Eastman took over as vice president. He now manages the marketing and financial aspects of the company.

Bob Eastman's oldest son, Richard, representing the third generation, came to work at the nursery in 1973 and now supervises field operations.

The years have been fruitful ones for the two Eastman families. "These past 55 years," Bob Eastman reflects, "are the basis for our future dreams."

The trees that Clifford Eastman planted sixty years ago still line the banks of the Saco River. Now the white pines provide fragrant needles used as mulch for newly-planted seeds. They are stately trees, overseeing the neat acres of seedlings growing hardy and beautiful as a downeast winter. ■



*Two generations of Eastmans
at Western Maine Forest Nursery—
Harry, Conrad, Bob and Harold Eastman.
Bob's son, Richard, representing the third generation,
supervises field operations*

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Paris Manufacturing Company:

"An Age-Old Dream of Iron Runners and Winter-Defying Roses"

by Pat White Gorrie

One day at the turn of the century, a little girl named Helen Morton sat cross-legged in her long white stockings and buttoned shoes on the floor of her grandfather's office, scribbling and scrawling with crayons in a small paper catalogue he had given her. The book was full of pictures of pretty sleds. She couldn't read yet, but even so, she knew what the names were, for her grandfather owned the company that made them.

In fact, she thought the names as pretty as the sleds themselves. They sounded as if they came straight from the stories her parents read to her at bedtime... "Snow Fairy" and "Snow King"... "Black Beauty" and "Columbian Clipper"... "White Star" and "Sky Rocket"...



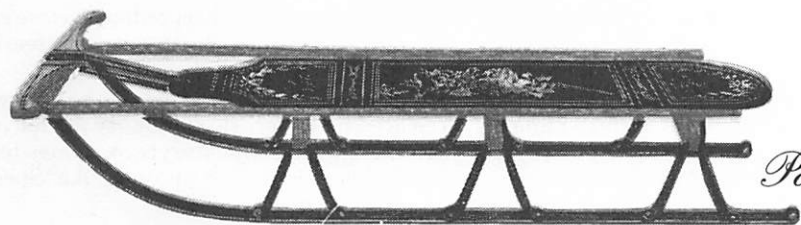
Helen Morton and Paris Manufacturing Company sled

Outside, snow began falling. Helen lifted her head from the book, her hair glinting in the light from the desk lamp. She jumped up and went to the darkening window, pressing her hands and nose against it in order to see the snowflakes. Soon she would be taken home, holding tight to her grandfather's hand.

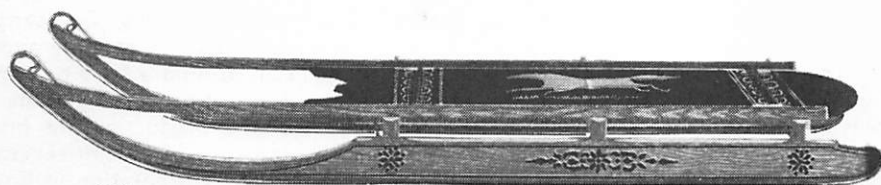
Tomorrow was Christmas. In the morning, after her oatmeal and orange juice, she would open her presents beneath the tree. And, if she got her wish, there would be among them her very own prettily-painted sled. Mother would bundle her up, sit her on the sled and pull her around the yard and down the slope. Maybe the dog would be harnessed too, to give her a merry ride. Wintertime was wonderful fun, thought Helen.

It was his sweet insight into a child's mind that led Helen's grandfather, Henry F. Morton, to carve his first sleds by hand in the year 1860. He wanted his children and their friends to have fun playing in the snow over the long Maine winters. Those original sleds were objects of beauty as well as durability. Lucilla, Henry's wife, decorated each one by hand and only the sturdiest Maine hardwoods, such as oak and maple, were used in their construction.

What started out as a fulfilling hobby grew into the Paris Manufacturing Company. Lucilla let the local Finns take over the artwork, smiling at the sight of



Paris Flyer



Columbian Clipper



Black Beauty



Snow Fairy

the craftsmen sitting around the huge lazy-susan table, talking and joking as they painted the decks and sides, each one adding his own personal flourish and originality.

The smell of sawdust and varnish hung in the air, but nobody minded. It was a joyful business, making toys for girls and boys. Soon the Paris Manufacturing Company became a household word, known all over the world for the fine craftsmanship and attractiveness of its winter toys and sporting goods. Arctic explorers such as MacMillan and Peary used Paris sleds and wrote letters later, praising their performance.

The name still carries magic and collectors who find a rare old sled at an auction invariably turn it over to see if the Paris trademark is underneath. If it is, they may pay \$150 on up to \$500 for the privilege of owning one...quite a jump from the "\$27 a dozen, wholesale price" at which they were once listed.

Some sleds, like the gilded "Snow Queen," had curved iron runners with bells on top and "winter-defying roses" painted on the deck. Others, such as the "Paris Flyer," with its long, low wooden sides, set a boy's heart racing with the impending thrill of victory as he sliced through the crisp winter air over frozen slopes, far ahead of his companions. (If a tree loomed ahead, he'd have to throw his weight to the side and drag his toe behind him with fierce urgency, leaving a jet trail in

the snow to attest to his perilously close call. There were no such things as steering mechanisms in those days.)

Today, those old models have been replaced by faster, sleeker, more maneuverable designs and the storybook names have given way to more prosaic ones, like "Speed-away" or "American Flyer."



The Finns of West Paris who helped make Paris Manufacturing Company a world-famous symbol of prestige and beauty no longer sit around a table painting by hand, for sled-making has become a highly-mechanized, production-line business. The old company was bought several years ago by Gladding Corporation of Boston, which expanded and modernized it.

Recently, Henry Morton's great-grandson, Henry R., who served as vice-president of sales for Gladding's Wood and Youth Division for several years, bought the company back, along with two partners.

So, Paris Manufacturing Company is once again in operation on Western Avenue in South Paris. And, with another generation of Mortons growing up at home, it looks as if there will be a Morton in the sled business as long as little girls like Helen continue their age-old dream of finding gaily-painted sleds beneath the Christmas tree. ■



Only the sturdiest Maine hardwoods such as oak and maple were hauled to the mill for use in sled construction

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*Just a bit of extemporaneous composition wherein the author has indulged in polysyllabic profundity without consulting lexicon or lexicographer.

James Davis Wilder
Hiram, 1869-1940

from **The Wildest Of The Wilders**,
a collection of prose and poetry compiled
and published by Walter W. Poor



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The second Jonathan Clark house at Bethel



The 150th Anniversary of the Indian Raid at Bethel, August 3, 1931

NEW ENGLAND'S LAST INDIAN RAID

by *Randall H. Bennett*

"Although the Raid of 1781 cannot be claimed as a major assault, it seems to have had pronounced effect on the Valley of the Androscoggin and its inhabitants..."

Perhaps no other element of the American literary genre so invokes the interest of New England historians as the "Captivity Narrative," a product of the unremitting attacks upon frontier settlements in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Narratives describing assaults on several Connecticut River towns beginning in the 1670's are legion. During the bloody Indian War, no town was safe; even early-settled coastal communities all along the eastern seaboard suffered the ravages of fire and destruction. The rugged souls who survived often faced the prospect of a torturous march north to Canada.

Among these choice bits of frontier literature, one in particular, published a half-century after American Independence was declared, recounts a significant period of alarm within the shadows of the "Crystal Hills" of northern New Hampshire and western Maine. This attack, traditionally considered the last Indian raid in New England, has borne the brunt of both exaggeration and neglect. The present article offers a reappraisal of that event based on the first examination of heretofore untapped sources in conjunction with known references.

In the nearly two hundred years since the "Massacre" of August, 1781, the center of research and commemorative efforts, if one exists, has been Bethel, Maine, a rural outpost lying on both sides of the Androscoggin River in the hills of northern Oxford County. Mainly because of the antiquarian

labors of Dr. Nathaniel Tuckerman True, preceptor of the academy at Bethel Hill, author of the town's first history, and an enthusiast for everything from farmer's clubs to the Abenaki Indian language, does there exist today a rare consciousness concerning the local past. This awareness spans an important era for the town's some 2,500 citizens: from the "Antiquarian Suppers" begun by True in 1855, to recent nomination of the Broad Street Historic District with its graceful Federal, Greek Revival, and Queen Anne-style structures fronting both sides of a long, tree-lined avenue.

Bethelites are all too familiar with the date of the Indian foray, and it is not unusual to hear an event mentioned as being so many years before or after the attack. Every local and county history of the region makes mention of it. Yet, while extensive documentation exists, no one has placed the event, one which may give Bethel the honor of being the town farthest inland in Maine to be attacked during the Revolution, in a proper perspective.

To understand the reasons behind the Raid, we must review the jurisdiction over that corner of the "District of Maine" as it was set off from Massachusetts in 1778. The Anasagunticook and Pequawket Indians inhabited western Maine from Fryeburg, where there was a large encampment, to the Canadian border. But when the power of the Pequawkets was broken by John Lovewell in 1725, and the Anasagunticooks feared a like

fate, these tribes left their Saco and Androscoggin Valley homes and travelled north.

The French held possession of territory bordering the St. Lawrence from the early seventeenth century, and it was at Quebec and Montreal that raids upon the Maine settlers were planned. In 1749 a treaty was signed at Falmouth by representatives of both Massachusetts Bay and the Indians. Nevertheless, these several tribes, incited by the French, continued to harass English settlements. Attacks were made at New Meadows, North Yarmouth, and New Gloucester in 1750. Nine years later a counter-attack was made on the village of St. Francis by Rogers' Rangers which nearly annihilated the St. Francis tribe.

The Indians of the Androscoggin Valley, at least those who remained to live out their lives under English dominance, had set a claim to portions of southwestern Maine in a deed of 1684 (the Pejepscot Purchase) which conveyed to Richard Wharton, a merchant of Boston, "all the land from the falls at Pejepscot, and Merrymeeting Bay to Kennebec, and toward the Wilderness, to be bounded by a southwest-northeasterly line, to extend from the Amarooscoggin uppermost falls..." The implication was to set a boundary at the "Great Falls," at present-day Rumford; tensions over this disputed claim would have an effect on matters a hundred years later.

The fall of Quebec in 1759 signaled an honest attempt on the part of the English colonists to settle the interior of Maine. Moreover, the Massachusetts Bay Colony,

having an abundance of land and little money, made immediate grants in the "District," one of which (to the descendants of Sudbury men for their services in the Canada Expedition of 1690) came to rest on the upper Androscoggin as "Sudbury Canada" and was renamed as Bethel in 1796. By the 1770's, Bethel was one of four towns that had been "opened for improvement" above Rumford Falls.

Rapid settlement of the "second tier" of townships, including Sudbury, Canada, before the end of the Revolutionary War, testifies to the state of security inland. In contrast to coastal activities—a naval engagement at Machias and the burning of Falmouth (Portland) in 1775, and the occupation of Castine and other coastal towns by 1779—the backwoods of Maine was relatively quiet.

Any interpretation of the Raid of 1781 must lean heavily on the only known contemporary account to find its way into publication: *A Brief Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Lt. Nathaniel Segar* (Paris Hill, 1825). Few copies of the pamphlet survived the nineteenth century, and the item was considered scarce by 1890.

Leaving Newton, Massachusetts in 1774, where "the luxuries and comforts of life were in abundance," Nathaniel Segar staked out the first homestead in Sudbury, Canada, but soon after returned to enlist in the Continental Army (serving at Cambridge, Bunker Hill, Crown Point and Bennington). After a total of two years and nine months of service, he and other Newton men made the trek to Maine, "with kettles for making sugar," intending to establish a permanent township.

At the time of the Raid, but ten families and four single men had followed the spotted trail over the "burnt lands" to make their homes in Sudbury. Eleazer Twitchell of Dublin, New Hampshire, had erected a grist mill and employed several of the men in cutting tall pine destined for Brunswick.

Of the few Indians who roamed the Valley, Segar wrote:

"They employed themselves in hunting; and we could barter with them for corn and sugar...for which we received wild meat, tallow, and fur; and there being but very few families in this place, it was for our interest and safety to cultivate peace and a good understanding with the savages of the wilderness."

a poem of christmas

a time of warm and gentle green
of sweet scented flowers
& interchangeable butterflies
lies tangled stalks juice empty
brittle brown pipes
drifted kindly by snow
the howling wind
fitful dance of the goldenrod
the snow dusted head is easy bowed
& easily forgotten the laughter
of that earlier age
into this place
the tripping dance of white-robed angels
with wide smiles and thick boots

Winslow Durgin
Minot

According to the *Segar Narrative* (the major points of which are now complemented by a manuscript written about 1820 and recently uncovered at the Maine Historical Society), a band of six Indians, "painted and armed with guns, tomahawks and scalping knives" and led by one Tomhegan, "a bold, impudent fellow," arrived on August 3, 1781, at a clearing where Segar and others were busy with the harvest, and quickly made them prisoners.

On a site near the River stood a rude plank house built two years earlier by Lt. Jonathan Clark who, with Segar and Twitchell, was one of the three captured. Here they were bound tightly and the house plundered of several gallons of rum and some sixteen dollars.

Collected versions of the story agree on several facets in the next stage of the attack—the boldness of Mrs. Jonathan Clark who, before making good her escape that evening, hid her husband's silver watch in the ashes and, when approached for her necklace, broke its string, scattering the beads over the floor; the capture of Benjamin Clark as he neared the settlement; Eleazer Twitchell's flight to safety and his concealment in the undergrowth near Clark's home.

Succeeding generations naturally seized upon the opportunity to exaggerate and dramatize. Many are the details that cannot be verified. A voluminous history of the State, published in 1832, speaks of the Raid as the scene of incredible barbarities—houses burned, settlers murdered, and their belongings either plundered or destroyed. One account goes so far as to describe a bloody affair wherein "cannibal Iroquois" made short work of the inhabitants. Not surprisingly, the actual attack has been placed loosely within the confines of the Valley, though general consensus gives Bethel as the locale.

Conveying his feelings as he recalled the dismal march along the River the night of the third of August, Segar remarked:

"I had often heard of people being taken captive by the Indians, and I now found myself in this dreadful situation, not knowing what evils would befall us, and whether we would ever see our friends again, whom we were now leaving in anxiety, uncertainty and distress."

After a sleepless night spent at the deserted camp of one Peter Austin, the three

men and their captors entered Peabody's Patent (now Gilead). Here the Valley narrowed and the precipitous sides of tall mountains crowded in on the farm of the tract's only settler, James Pettengill. Searching his house and finding a tub of cream and some sugar, the Indians "fell to eating like hogs." Though those within the house received no abuse, Pettengill was taken captive and eventually killed.

"After a short stay here, the Indians told Mr. Pettengill that he must go with them to Canada. He told them he had no shoes. They searched the house, but they found none. They then told him that he might tarry at home, but charged him not to leave the house... We then went on, I should suppose, a mile or more, and we were ordered to stop. Two of the Indians went back, and soon returned, and Mr. Pettengill with them; we travelled some distance together... On a sudden, Mr. Pettengill was missing. I thought they had sent him back; but they had killed him about a mile from his house... Some days after, his wife discovered his dead body in the bushes, where they had left it."

Pettengill's remains were interred several days later by Joseph Greely Swan and others from Sudbury Canada. Examination of the corpse revealed that the Indians had been quite thorough—his scalp was missing.

In addition to Segar's account, data on the role played by Shelburne, New Hampshire exists at the New Hampshire State Historical Society, both in manuscript and in published histories, the most reliable of which is Willey's *Incidents in White Mountain History* (1856).

Soon after crossing the present line between the two states, the party of Indians and their captives encountered two of the Messer children at play. Upon asking the number of men in the next house, the Red Men were given to believe there were ten, though there were not ten in the whole settlement. When asked how many were armed, the frightened children again said ten. This misinformation so terrified the Indians that they threw off their packs, placed them on the backs of the three prisoners and made a quick line to the River. Segar wrote:

"We arrived through the goodness of God, safe to the other shore; but I know not how; for people tell me that it was never forded before or since that time, at that place."

Page 49...

History in the Third Dimension *by Sally Clay*

Nine Gould Academy students are at work developing a feeling for the flesh-and-blood of history...

Nine intrepid diggers and their leader set out each week from Bethel, bound for an excavation site along Mill Brook just outside of town. This archaeological team does not seek the discovery of ancient mysteries, but rather a physical contact with the everyday life of our own past.

The diggers are Gould Academy students, and their leader is instructor Alvin L. Barth. For the past 2½ years, Barth has been investigating the site in preparation for his current full-credit course in archaeology.

Once the location of an old stone dam and sawmill built by Eleazer Twitchell in 1774, the site is now owned by the Bethel Inn. Over the course of more than 125 years the water from this dam powered first Bethel's sawmill, then a wool processing mill, a starch

factory, a spool and salt-box factory, a corn cannery, and finally a wood products mill.

The building, which accommodated some of these operations is now gone. But in the soil around its stone foundation many artifacts remain—all objects of the archaeologists' search. Although most of the historical facts of the site have already been recorded on paper, discovery of these artifacts adds a personal perspective to Bethel's past, a "third dimension" as Barth calls it.

The dry-wall construction dam was heavily damaged by flood in 1936, but most of its massive granite boulders remain, witness to the plodding labor of men and horses who hauled the stones and wedged them in place in the days before concrete, cranes, and industrial technology.



The old stone dam and sawmill as it looked in the 1890's, now the site of the Gould Academy archaeological dig

Two rusted tubwheel gears still in position reveal that the mill building extended over two sluiceways and used two wheels. Nails of all kinds have been found, from hand-wrought to modern wire construction, indicating at least two phases of construction spanning nearly a century.

Charred fragments of wood and melted bottles testify to the damage wrought by a fire that burned Eber Clough's starch factory in the mid-1800's. Pieces of tin plate and a soldering iron are relics of the corn canning operation in the 1880's.

Among the miscellaneous items found are a silver spoon, some apparent chicken bones, an old-fashioned root beer bottle with wired-on top, and a brown whiskey bottle. Students can only speculate on the uses of the artifacts. Perhaps some woolcarding worker around the year 1814 thoughtlessly slipped a silver spoon from his wife's kitchen into his pocket and then employed the utensil to eat his box supper at the mill.

Did a corn factory worker around 1886 have a lunch of fried chicken and root beer? Did Eleazer Twitchell, known as a "jolly miller," imbibe a little whiskey and throw away the bottle while waiting for customers?

The real story behind these personal relics may never be known, but speculation is as much a part of the archaeologist's job as documentation. Such questioning may lead to more solid evidence from the dig or from historical sources, according to Barth. In any case, it is a feeling for the "flesh-and-blood" of history which provides the "third dimension."

But digging is the easy part. Before Barth and his students could actually begin their search, much time was spent in locating a suitable site and then in preparing it for excavation. After the digging, all artifacts are cleaned, preserved, sorted, classified and sometimes reconstructed. All data must be carefully recorded, then interpreted with the help of existing historical records.

Throughout these processes, Barth has worked closely with Stanley Howe, director of the Bethel Historical Society. In 1975-76, the society was conducting its own research into Bethel's early mills and industry for a Bicentennial booklet and exhibit. Since there are no aboriginal sites in the Bethel area, Howe suggested mill sites for archaeological research. Recently-retired Gould math



Could students dig beneath a grid assembled in order to specify location of the finds. In the background stands some of the magnificent stonework which once formed the site's dam

instructor Francis Berry pointed out the Mill Brook site across the road from his house, and the Bethel Inn agreed to let Barth and his students work there.

Before digging could begin, the archaeologists had to survey the land, clear it, then draw maps and plans to use in their work. They then dug test pits to determine the best area for the initial dig and marked off that area with a grid system. The lower foundation of the mill building was chosen for the dig, and the grid system was constructed using strings tied to wooden posts and running horizontally and vertically at right angles to define five-foot squares within the foundation boundaries.

Students methodically and carefully dig in a small area marked by one of these squares, and they identify every artifact, both by the number of the square and also by the depth at which it is found in the soil. Knowing the location of each artifact helps to determine the time period of its use and also makes it easier to match it up with other fragments and to reconstruct broken objects.



Bonnie Finkelstein and Tammie Lunt sift dirt from the site in the hopes of turning up a bit of history

"This may not be earth-shaking archaeology," notes Barth. "But the procedure is the same as you would use in any dig." Objects are carefully carried back to the school, where the students spend tedious hours cleaning, scraping, and treating them. Small fragments found from sifting soil through a wire screen are also cleaned and treated.

Metal, wood, glass, and leather specimens all require different treatment to restore and preserve them. In the case of the many nails found, for example, the Gould students experiment with several means of rust-removal and preservation, hoping to devise

the best method for treating larger metallic objects. To clean the nails and remove rust, they have tried steel wool and scraping tools, boiling in distilled water, WD-42 (a spray-can product), electrolysis, and various other chemical treatments. Just removing the rust is not enough, however, for if the metal is not protected in some way the oxidizing process will begin all over again and the nails again become rusty. So the students are also trying such methods as dipping the nails in warm wax to preserve them.

Once cleaned and treated, the nails can be sorted, studied, and compared to determine their significance to the history of the mill site. Although nails are not always a reliable means for historical dating, the presence of two or more distinct kinds of nails does indicate different phases of construction.

The three principal kinds of nails are: hand-wrought, machine-cut, and wire nails. Modern wire nails have the familiar round shanks cut from a single wire. Both hand-wrought and machine-cut nails have a square shank. In general, handmade nails were used before 1790, machine-cut after 1790, and wire nails after 1870. All three types of nails have been found at the Mill Brook site, reflecting the first construction in 1774 with hand-wrought nails, and then later building, probably after the starch factory fire in the nineteenth century. More



Types of nails found at the site include machine-cut (dating back to the early 1800's) and wire nails (dating from the 1850's on); the earliest type of hand-wrought nails (used in the 1700's) were too fragile to survive

recent repairs are suggested by the modern nails. This empirical evidence has been confirmed by Bethel Historical Society records.

Using similar methods for treating and then evaluating other artifacts, the student archaeologists can identify many of the objects found at an excavation, and these discoveries will "flesh out" known historical records or even prove new data. Finally, the sum of all these discoveries will provide a larger portrait of the site's history.

In the case of the Mill Brook site, this history may sometimes seem more mundane than heroic. "I was looking forward to finding a dinosaur skeleton," confides one student. "Instead, we found chicken bones."

But the Gould pupils are nevertheless learning the general disciplines of archaeology and scientific research. And the Gould team is performing an invaluable service for the community when it digs up local history. For, as Barth points out, in the not-too-distant future, this historical third dimension could become forever lost.

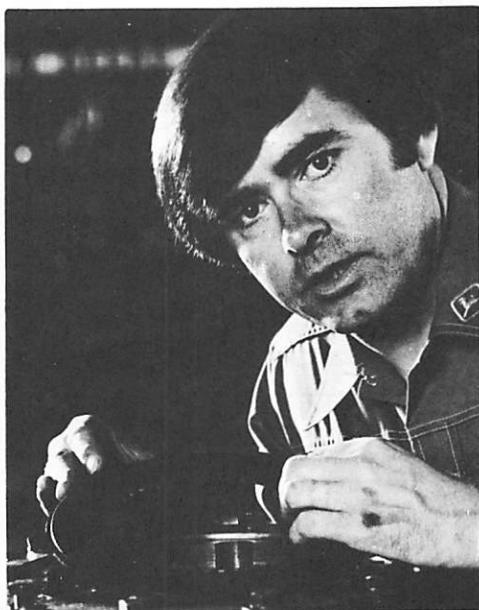
Already the old Bethel Grist mill site downstream from the Gould excavation has been irretrievably damaged by road and sewer construction and few, if any, artifacts will be found there. Even the Gould site may soon be overtaken by modern technology. With the recent push for alternative sources of energy, small dams such as the Twitchell one may be resurrected as supplemental energy sources.

"In our present technology, we must have citizen-archaeologists—amateurs," notes Barth, who encourages anyone with an interest in archaeology or with an idea for a good dig to take up a notebook, camera, shovel and trowel, and get to work.

For the amateur archaeologist, complicated maps and grids are not really essential, only a willingness to record what is found and where it is unearthed. It is also important to clean and preserve as well as possible the objects discovered.

Anyone wishing to embark on a dig ought to contact the local historical society, Barth suggests, for help in digging and for historical information. Findings should eventually be reported back to the society.

The Maine State Museum in Augusta can also supply valuable information, and a trip to see their exhibits would be useful and enjoyable, says Barth. ■



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Ayah

We consider your comments and suggestions an important means of discovering our readers' interests. Representative and appropriate letters will be published as space allows. Most likely answers won't be necessary, and probably the only response you'll receive will be a most appropriate "Ayah!"

REDISCOVERING BEAUTY

I enjoy **BitterSweet** very much. After growing up in South Paris, I left Maine for many years. I am now retired here among my Oxford Hills, rediscovering all the beauty of this area. **BitterSweet** is helping me do just that.

Anita Cook
South Paris

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

In your October edition there are two pictures on page 5 that you have asked to be identified. I think I am right in saying that the top picture is of the old covered bridge in Oxford, and the bottom picture is an old coach that was used in the centennial parade years ago.

I remember my mother riding in that parade and the lady on the back seat I am sure is my mother, Mrs. Cyrus Hayes of Oxford.

I am 91 and I think the parade was held around 1925.

Arthur Hayes
Norway


The top picture in "Can You Place It?" for October shows the old covered bridge at Oxford Village. I think the bottom picture was taken at the sesquicentennial celebration of the Town of Oxford. My grandmother was Charlotte Hunting of Welchville, and I believe she is the person on the back seat of the stagecoach.

I think Grandma rode with her friends Alice King (Mrs. Frank) Wilson from Welchville, Mrs. John Hall from East Oxford and Emma (Mrs. Walter) Holden from Oxford. The lady in the middle may be Mrs. Hall or Mrs. Holden.

The coach was probably owned by Mr. Richard Styles, who at that time had a sizeable collection of antique carriages.

I'm not sure who drove the coach.

Charlotte B. Irwin
Ramsey, New Jersey

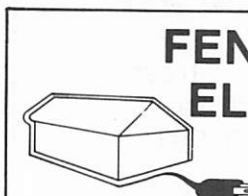


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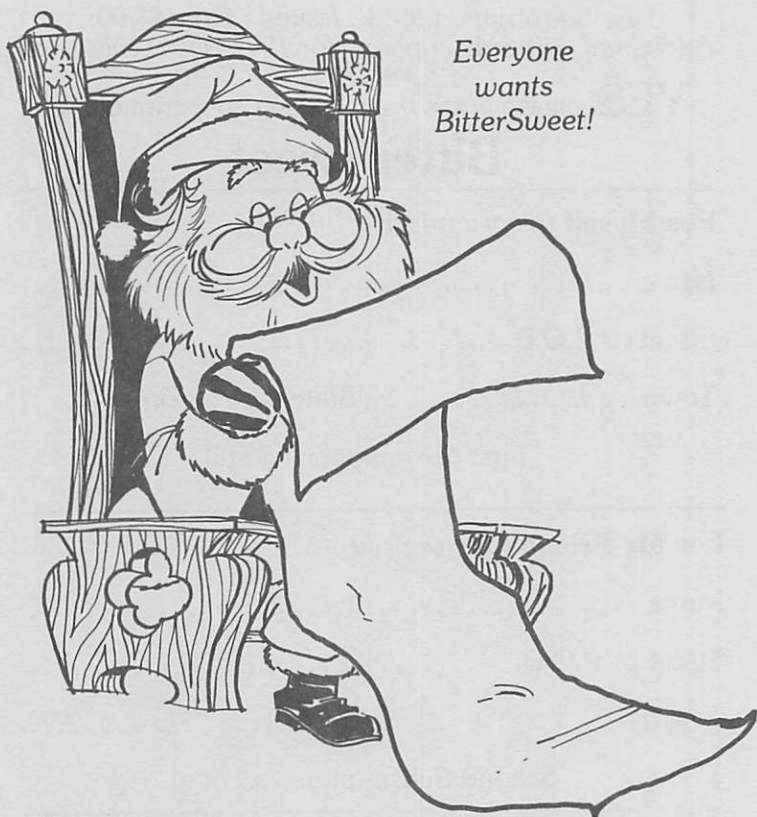
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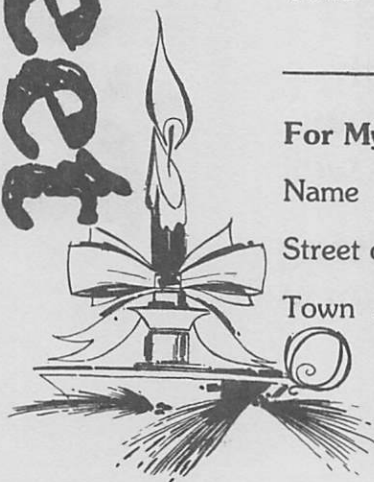
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CALIFORNIA MAINER

I would like to say we enjoy your book very much. My grandparents, parents and myself were born and raised in Maine.

My guess to "Can You Place It?" is Stanton Bridge, Oxford—just below Norway Village. (Built in 1839-1932 and was 70 feet long).

Nellie Sherwood
Simi Valley, California

YOU DON'T SAY

How One Nickname Was Acquired

There are many nicknames, and we don't know how some of them are acquired. But there is one that I do remember.

In the Buttermilk area of Hiram there lived a family that was undergoing domestic difficulties. One day the argument proved especially bitter, and the lord of the manor departed in a rage, stating that he was going to find a shotgun and shoot the whole family. So the good spouse dispatched the children to the neighbor's and notified the sheriff's department.

Deputy Eastman from Fryeburg hastened to Hiram, looked up Constable Warren Bailey for directions, and they set out for Buttermilk. By that time it was evening, and they approached the cottage in pitch blackness. They approached it cautiously.

They knocked on the door but they got no answer. They shouted; they got no answer. With visions of dead bodies all over the place, they opened the door and crept cautiously in.

There was a loud explosion! Sharp objects struck their bodies and a warm, red liquid trickled down their faces. The two men fled in terror. They jumped into their car, went over Ward's Hill, and retreated to Hiram the long way around.

But it developed that their wounds were very minimal. It seems that earlier that day the lady of the house had bottled some catsup. One bottle had fermented, and it took the moment they entered to explode. The warm liquid wasn't blood—it was catsup—and the particles that hit them weren't buckshot—they were pieces of glass.

To add insult to injury, they found that the couple had come to a reconciliation and gone to the movies.

Thereafter, the constable was no longer Warren Bailey, he was "Catsup" Bailey. So that is how one nickname was acquired.

Raymond Cotton
Hiram

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PEDDLER PAGE

WANTED: The Oxford Grange needs a donation of second-hand lumber or a small building to move or tear down for the material needed to build an exterior furnace room for the Grange Hall. Your donations will be tax deductible. Please contact either Paul Dubay (743-7216) or Harold Canwell (539-2578).

FOR SALE: Micrometer—"Starret" with one-inch throat and carrying case: \$40.00. Like new. Call Dan DeWitt in Harrison at 583-4816.

WANTED: More items to buy, sell, or trade for the Peddler Page. Our response to listed items has been great, but we need more listings. This service is absolutely free. Please send information to: BitterSweet, P. O. Box 301, Oxford, ME 04270.

LAST MONTH'S "Can You Place It?"

All the information we have on the November picture of "Choice Specimens from our Hennyery" is that it was taken in Harrison. If you know when or why, send us the details.

BRAINTEASER IX

The following reprint of what has become known as "the Classic of all Newspaper Puzzles," which appeared in the old **Boston Post** column by Bill Cunningham nearly fifty years ago, was submitted by Vernon McFarlin of South Paris. McFarlin first calculated the answer during the Thanksgiving holiday of his junior year in college.

Now that the crossword puzzle has passed its peak and the anagram and word ladders have failed for some reason to click in a real large way, a lot of the elderly customers apparently have turned back the pages of time to that classic of all the newspaper puzzles, the celebrated "How Old Was Ann?" brain-teaser.

For a lot of them have written in to these headquarters recently asking for another look at that formidable poser, and a solution of it, if at all possible. It was all so much Greek to this flaming youth, who was playing jockey to a tricycle while this rage was at its height, but thanks to a couple of gentlemen named Marlen Pew and F. Gregory Hartswick, not to mention the newspaper house organ known as "Editor and Publisher," he has been able to dig up this most famous of all newspaper puzzles and present not only it, but its solution herewith.

The thing started originally in the '80's, sponsored by the original Sam Lloyd, who was apparently king of all the puzzle-makers. It didn't make much of a splash then. It was the revival twenty years later that swept the country like the flu, held on for two years, furnished the stage with several thousand gags, the world with half-a-dozen popular songs, challenged the reading public from scrub-ladies to college presidents, and finally passed silently on.

No wonder it slew 'em in the ranks and battalions. Listen to it:

The combined ages of Mary and Ann equal 44 years, and Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann. How old is Ann?

Boy, bring on the algebra! (Answer next month!) Good luck.

Winner of Brainteaser VIII


Winner of Brainteaser VIII was Rupert Grover, Jr., of Fryeburg, who reasoned that, since it took six seconds for the clock to strike six o'clock, it would take $13\frac{1}{5}$ seconds to strike 12. When the clock strikes six, there are five intervals between strikes. With the entire ringing taking six seconds, there would be $\frac{6}{5}$ of a second for each interval. When the clock strikes 12, there are 11 intervals. Multiplying $\frac{6}{5} \times 11$ gives us 13.2 seconds for the 12 strikes.

Others who had arrived at the correct answer by presstime are: Vernon McFarlin and Arnold Twitchell of South Paris; Donald Carrier, Oxford; Sarah Brown, Norway; and Lester F. Grey, Cornish.



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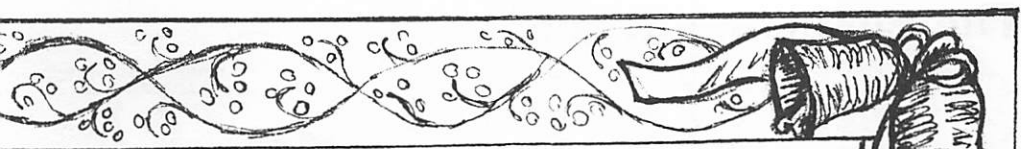
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The Summer Kitchen*



Terrariums were invented quite by accident. Dr. Nathaniel Ward, a London physician who was experimenting with caterpillars in covered glass jars, noticed that one of the jars had something growing in it that was not a caterpillar. Somehow a tiny spore had germinated in some mold in the jar's bottom, and a small fern was growing there.

Dr. Ward was so excited about this discovery that he all but dropped his caterpillar research and set about building larger versions of the jar. He found that he could grow tropical plants in soil for as long as 15 years in these covered glass containers, which he called terrariums.

Today, of course, a terrarium represents more than a mere alternative to growing caterpillars. With its self-contained environment, it represents the balance of nature in microcosm and can be a thing of beauty not just for its individual plants, but also for its living design.

Almost any kind of glass container can be used to make a terrarium. Glass boxes can be specially purchased, but old fish tanks, jars, bottles, glasses, and almost any other glass container will serve nicely.

For a moderately-sized aquarium, cover the bottom with about one inch of clean gravel for drainage. Add a thin layer of crushed charcoal to absorb odors. Finally, add some good potting soil to a depth of about three inches, more or less, depending on the size of the container. The following mixture can be substituted for potting soil:

2 parts perlite
2 parts vermiculite
1 part sphagnum moss
small amt. ground limestone
(1 tsp. per quart of mix)

This mixture will require more feeding than potting soil.

Wet the soil thoroughly, allowing the water to run down the sides of the container to remove any particles clinging there.

If you are using a small-necked container such as a gallon wine jug or antique bottle, the soil and gravel can be poured in, using a funnel or a piece of paper shaped like a funnel. When you insert plants in this kind of container, use an iced-tea spoon or the long wooden tweezers which can be purchased for that purpose. Or, you can devise your own tweezers, using two thin sticks, chopstick-fashion. Dig a hole for the plant, carefully drop it in, and tap the soil to set it; water immediately.

Use your imagination and ingenuity in choosing the contents of your terrarium. An attractive grouping can be made from entirely natural ingredients found outdoors. Wild mosses, berries, and greens from the woods will do well, especially when arranged with attractive rocks and pebbles. You can even use cuttings from common house plants that you already own. Generally, plants that like a lot of humidity will thrive in terrariums.

Depending upon the shape of your container and the type of arrangement you desire, you can plant low plants, short plants,

or tall plants. *Low or spreading plants* include baby tears, Irish moss, or the wild mosses. *Short or moundlike plants* are spider plants, pereromias (especially emerald-rippled), African violets, miniature gloxinia, and carnivorous plants such as Venus fly trap or pitcher plants. Some tall growing plants for larger terrariums are dracenas, ferns, some orchids, palms, and miniature orange trees.

Rocks, colored glass or sand, and even porcelain animals can add a creative touch to any terrarium. Especially with very large containers, you can create a landscape with colored pebbles as water, rocks as boulders, moss as grass, and so on.

Learning to care for your own terrarium is a matter of trial and error. Most terrariums are covered with either glass or plastic, but some adjustments may be necessary to maintain the proper balance of moisture inside. In general, the environment should be moist enough to produce a light mist on the inside of the glass. If too much moisture forms, the plants may rot—in this case, leave the cover slightly open.

You need not water the terrarium often, since it recycles its own supply of moisture. Add only enough water to maintain the fine mist on the glass, never so much that water is left standing on the bottom. A small mist sprayer is good for this purpose, and may also help to dampen the leaves of the plants.

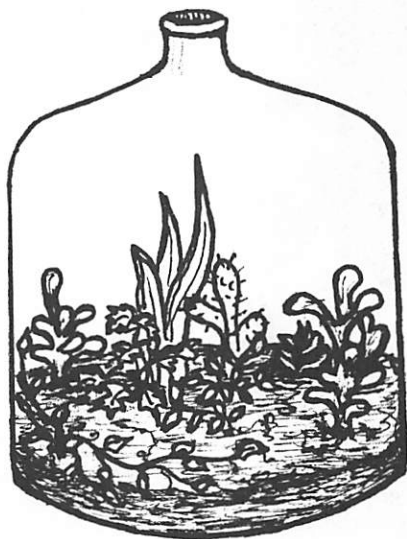
Terrarium plants require a lot of light, but you must also be careful when exposing the container to direct sunlight. In an enclosed container, the hot sun could have a baking effect. In the winter, however, this should be no problem. It is a good idea to turn the container regularly, to allow for even exposure.

It is important to groom terrariums often, pruning and cutting back plants where necessary to maintain the balance among the different varieties in their closed environment. Most terrariums require no fertilizing at all during the first six or eight months. After that, a diluted mixture of commercial houseplant fertilizer might be desirable.

With proper care, a terrarium can remain healthy and beautiful for years. And whether it is made using an old drinking glass or an expensive case, a homemade terrarium is one of the nicest gifts that you could give this Christmas. ■

Information for **The Summer Kitchen** column is contributed by Groan & McGurn Greenhouses, Bethel.

**As the center of activity in the early American farmhouse during all but the coldest winter months, the summer kitchen functioned as much more than a place to fix food. Food was not only prepared there, it was manufactured, along with many other useful household items which were turned out practically year-round. There was canning, preserving, cheese-making and cider-pressing. Gardens were planned and seeds were sorted there. Chickens were plucked and freshly-bagged game was hung. Soap was made and fabrics were dyed. Thus, the summer kitchen has come to represent the broadest spectrum of the farming life.*



BEQUEST

The things I cherish are the simple kind...
A bird song, crystal snow, or Queen Anne's lace.

A sunrise or a sunset brings to mind
The well-remembered smile upon your face.
A grandchild's sticky kiss, a friend's embrace,
Mean more to me than coffers filled with gold.
The cross than guards love's final
resting place

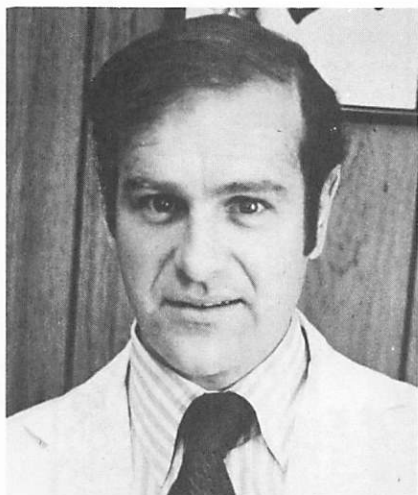
Is dearer than the finest sculpture sold.
The flight of time can never be controlled:
In youth it barely crawls, in age goes fast.
Today I face the fact that I am old,
And any passing day might be the last.
To you I leave the best of legacies:
Delight in small events that create memories.

Otta Louise Chase
Sweden

Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.



We curse *the flu* for many illnesses: a runny nose, a day's worth of diarrhea, a week of dry cough and malaise, abdominal cramps and fever—the flu is blamed for them all. That such an assortment of mild viral illnesses is termed “flu” by both patient and doctor alike serves only to increase the misunderstanding about a potentially serious illness, *influenza*. We avoid flu shots because we believe we are “immune to colds.” Because we had bona fide influenza several years ago and believe we now enjoy a life-long immunity, or because we had a flu shot once and think we contracted the flu immediately thereafter, we (who are actually at high risk) fail to get vaccinated.

Influenza should be taken seriously. Perhaps a better understanding of the illness and the virus responsible, of the possible complications of past epidemics and their effects, and of flu vaccination will lead to more vaccinations for those at high risk and earlier medical attention for those with complications from the flu. Let's begin:

Influenza is an unforgettable illness. High fever, shaking chills, severe headache,

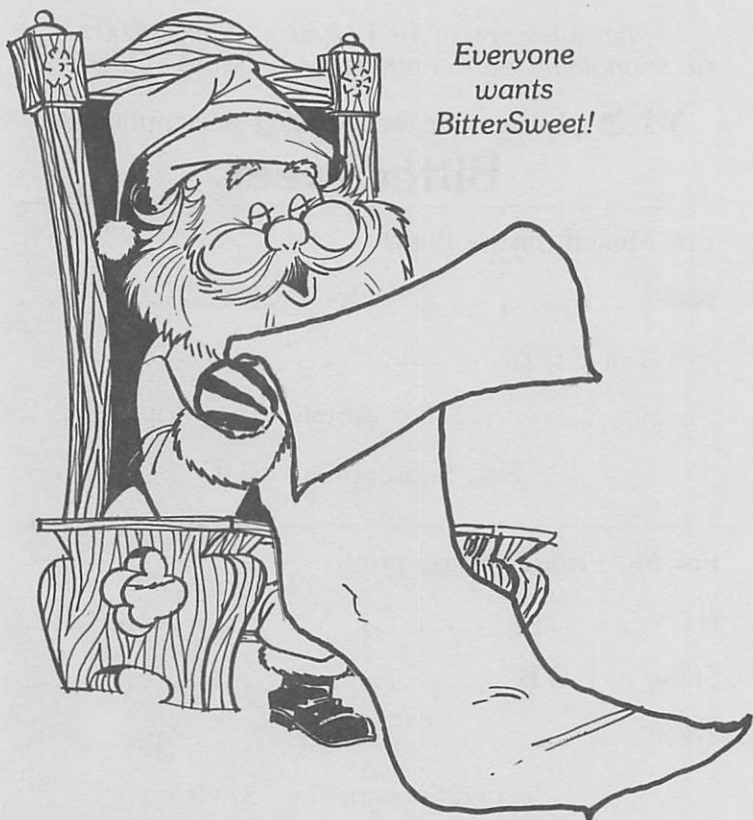
severe muscle aching, and a feeling of extreme prostration all combine to drive us to bed for days. Instead of the runny nose and congestion so common with other viral respiratory infections, a dry nose and throat and dry cough are more characteristic of influenza. The typical central chest pain is aggravated by the dry hacking cough. If uncomplicated, the fever is gone in three to four days and the illness leaves in a week. This is “the flu.” It is not a bad case of the flu—it is typical influenza.

Influenza is caused by one particular virus—a virus with various types and variations giving rise to the confusing array of names: Asian, Hong Kong, Russian, swine, and others. Drawing on an analogy with the dog might help sort these out.

Influenza has three types; A, B, and C (i.e. “setters,” “poodles,” and “hounds”). Within each of these types of influenza virus there is a limited number of subtypes as defined by chemical variations common to each type. These subtypes are termed A¹, A², etc. (i.e. “English” and “Irish setters,” “Standard” and “Toy poodles” and so on) and are often named for a place of origin. (For example, Influenza A/Texas '77) originated in Texas last year.

To further complicate matters, each subtype is itself subject to variations, much as no two Irish setters look exactly alike. These variations within a subtype may produce differences sufficient enough to fool any antibody “remembering” a previous influenza infection. Such variations may defeat the intent of the flu shot, which is to trick the body into thinking influenza has come along, get it to produce antibodies to one or more subtypes, and so be ready for the occurrence of the real thing. (More about flu shots later.)

Epidemics of A virus occur in cycles, about every two to four years, whereas Influenza B epidemics occur every four to six years. Rarely, a world-wide epidemic, or *pandemic* may occur. There have been three pandemics in the last century. In 1917-1918, five hundred million people contracted influenza, and twenty million people died during three waves of pandemic caused by an A subtype known also to infect pigs. Not all who died in that pandemic were old and debilitated; one of every sixty-seven U.S. Army soldiers with the flu died of it. When the A-swine-subtype was found in five



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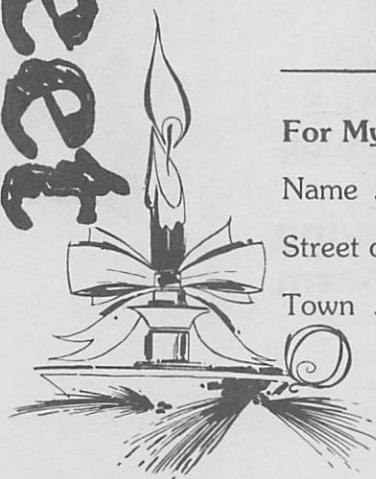
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Army recruits at Fort Dix, a very real possibility of another swine flu pandemic prompted the mass immunization program in 1976-1977.

The 1957 Asian influenza pandemic (also caused by an A subtype virus) spread like wildfire, thanks to an international congress of high school students held in Iowa and attended by eighteen-hundred students from forty-three states and abroad. The attack rate was incredible. I remember walking into my homeroom to find only a substitute teacher, the town bully, and the homeliest girl in school—a dark day indeed. Mortality was far less than in 1917-1918, not because of modern medicine, but because of the nuances of a different influenza virus subtype.

There is no cure for influenza; the illness must run its course. Aspirin, fluids, and bedrest help the symptoms. Codeine relieves the dry cough and chest pain. Antibiotics are of no use and may be harmful, by promoting growth of highly virulent bacteria within lungs already compromised by viral infection. Persistent fever after three to four days, a cough productive of phlegm, marked prostration, and a wet, rattling chest signal the development of complicating, life-threatening pneumonia.

Enhancing an effective flu shot is an exercise in educated guessing. One considers the cyclical nature of epidemics. The most recent isolated influenza subtypes must also be reckoned with. The Hong Kong flu of 1972, a B virus, has reappeared on the streets. A/Texas and A/Victoria, two very similar subtypes, are also prevalent, as is a very different A subtype, A/USSR (the Russian flu). This year's flu shot is therefore *trivalent*, containing three distinct killed-virus strains, A/USSR, A/Texas, and B/Hong Kong. Vaccination will afford immunity to these and similar strains for about seventy per cent of those vaccinated for a period of three to six months. The flu shot will not protect against any other viral illnesses, whether they be the common cold, shingles, or polio.

A third of those vaccinated will get swelling and tenderness at the site of the injection. Other side effects are much less common, however. A mild flu-like illness lasting one to two days with fever, muscle aches and fatigue may occur in five to ten per cent of those vaccinated. An immediate allergic reaction, mild or severe, can occur in

those sensitive to egg protein. Another risk of influenza vaccine is a form of paralysis, usually temporary, and from which recovery is ordinarily complete. This, the Guillain-Barre syndrome, occurred in ten of every million persons injected with swine-flu vaccine. Among these, eighty-five per cent recovered completely, ten per cent had long-term or permanent impairment, and five per cent (one in two million) died.

Among the elderly, the mortality risk from vaccination was higher—one in every million. This last complication of flu vaccine was not known before the swine-flu vaccination program. Whether vaccination with other flu vaccines carries the same risk of Guillain-Barre syndrome is not known. It is clear, though, that death from influenza is much more likely in high-risk patients than is death from Guillain-Barre syndrome.

Those patients with a high risk of mortality from epidemic influenza include those over sixty-five years of age, and those of any age with heart disease of any kind; with lung diseases such as asthma, chronic bronchitis, emphysema, tuberculosis, and cystic fibrosis; with chronic kidney diseases; with diabetes; and those with cancer presently getting drug treatment which weakens resistance to infection. Pregnant women with the above chronic diseases should be vaccinated. For all others, especially those with a high risk of influenza exposure (teachers, medical personnel) and those providing essential community services, the benefits and risks of vaccination must be considered by patient and doctor.

It is now early December. I would hope that those of you at high risk have already been vaccinated. If not, and if a flu epidemic has not yet arrived, get a flu shot soon. ■

Dr. Lacombe, a member of the Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, serves on the Stephens Memorial Hospital Health Education Project Advisory Board.



Homemade

From the pages of Bear Mountain Community Club's cookbook, *What's Cookin'*, come the following holiday recipes for festive cranberry dishes:

Cranberry Muffins

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 2 eggs, well beaten 2 cups sifted flour
 5 tsp. baking powder 1 tsp. salt
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk

1 cup whole cranberry sauce, drained

Cream shortening, sugar. Stir in eggs. Sift flour, baking powder, salt together. Add dry ingredients to shortening-sugar mixture alternately with milk. Blend. Fill greased muffin tins one-third full, making a hole in the center of the batter. Put 1 tsp. cranberry sauce in the whole, and fill up to two-thirds full. Bake in 400° oven about 30 minutes.

Mrs. Nathaniel Mills



Cranberry Salad

$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups cold water 1 Tblsp. gelatin
 1 cup sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery
 2 cups cranberries $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

Cook cranberries in 1 cup water for twenty minutes. Stir in sugar, cook 5 minutes longer. Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatin on top of water. Add to hot cranberries. Cool. When mixture begins to harden, add chopped celery, nuts and salt. Chill in a mold until firm.

Mary Kingsbury

Cranberry Pie

Spread in bottom crust:

1 large cup chopped cranberries.

Combine:

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
 dash salt
 1 heaping Tblsp. flour
 1 Tblsp. vanilla.

Mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water.

Pour this mixture over cranberries, cover with top crust and bake in moderately hot oven about one hour or until done.

Margaret Merrill



The cookbook, which has been a favorite of South Waterford residents for more than twenty years, and which was recently revised by the Community Club, provides a range of down-to-earth advice which transcends the confines of the kitchen.

In a piece entitled, *Cookbook Commonsense*, for instance, Flora Abbott, a cherished citizen of some renown, who died at age 91 in 1975, writes "To the Folks Away and At Home:"*

*"To take things as they be
 That's my philosophy.
 No use to holler, mope or cuss
 If they wuz changed—
 They might be wuss."*

*The title of the column which she wrote for the *Advertiser-Democrat* in the 1940's and '50's.

THE HUNTER

The forest is quiet

Breathing

Sighs.

The fallen are carried out,

Entrails of the hunted

Cleaned from the forest floor...

Feeding those lower on the scale,

Forming their link

In the food chain of life.

The purity of snow

Falling silently

Quiets the scratching of leaves

That has warned of the hunter's step.

Silence

Another Season

Sleep

December in the forest...

I remember November—

It was not for the hunting

Of meat, I was there,

Yet my hunger was no less acute.

My ears strained to be filled

With the natural sounds,

Drowning the noise of my everyday;

Smells, sights, sounds...

Senses assuaged.

Climbing,

Gasping for breath,

Trying for steadiness,

My hands welcomed the rough bark

Of branches to cling to;

Feet slipping,

Pine needles and scraggly lichen on rocks—

For this I was hunting,

...finding...fulfilled.

I rested then on the granite ledge,

High above the ravine,

Feeling the wind,

Warmed by the sun,

Observing, below me, the hunter—

Then, hearing the blast,

I knew the hunted had fallen...

...and now the snow falls

Erasing it all.

I was a hunter, a seeker of life,

I am returned, now, from the forest,

Which sleeps, in December,

Breathing...sighs.

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THE PORTLAND MUSEUM OF ART: AN EXPANDING ROLE

Dr. Jean Henry

The Portland Museum of Art is gradually emerging as a central component in the cultural life of the surrounding area, and is helping to establish Portland as a center of the entire state's artistic life. The erection of the Museum's new wing is evidence of the institution's expanding importance for all Maine residents. Its planning is something in which all Mainers have an important stake.

On November 1, 1978, officials of the Portland Museum of Art announced that they had commissioned the firm of I. M. Pei and Partners, New York, to design a new addition to the existing museum buildings. The proposed new museum will occupy a site constituting one perimeter of Congress Square, in the geographical center of the city.

This is perhaps one of the most important developments in Portland's cultural, social, political, economic and geographic history.

The new building can not only infuse economic life into the downtown area, but can also bring Portland into focus as a center of Maine and New England's artistic life.

In the areas surrounding Portland, there are other museums centering on the visual arts, such as the Joan Whitney Payson Gallery, Westbrook College, and the Walker Art Museum, Bowdoin College. It would not be inappropriate, then, to see Portland Museum playing a central role in the cultural life of Maine—both geographically and pragmatically.

How the Museum sets about asserting its new role, beginning with the erection of its new wing, takes on great significance.

In fifteenth-century Florence, Italy, where the Renaissance began, the Florentines were extremely self-conscious in their first major civic undertaking—the architectural wonder of the Florence Cathedral Dome, which stood in the geographical center of *their* then-medieval town.

In twentieth-century New Haven, Connecticut, when Yale University was given a grant and a collection of British art from the Mellon Foundation, the students of the university were vociferous in their demand that a museum be built which would fit their informal academic community. As a result of their concern, the very appropriate Center for British Studies was built.

Portland Museum's choice of the Pei firm as designers is significant in their desire to focus on the city and the museum as a cultural center. Pei's firm has designed such well-known buildings as the John Hancock Building in Boston, Massachusetts; the Everson Museum, Syracuse, New York; and, most recently, the greatly-publicized East Wing of the National Gallery in Washington, D.C.

It is evident that national and international attention will be paid to the Portland Museum of Art commission. This forthcoming spotlight requires a self-conscious vigilance and responsibility on the part of not only the museum officials, but the citizens as well. It is the responsibility of *both* to make sure that this city monument reflects the spirit, intentions and character of not just one segment of the topography, or one level of citizenry, but for the whole, real texture of Portland and vicinity. It will be interpreted that way, in any event.

Presently occupying the land on which the new wing will be placed is the Libby Building. The fate of that building is, at present, unclear. Despite the fact that the Pei firm is expected to have prepared a model and artist's rendering of the proposed structure no later than March, a decision on whether or not to raze the Libby Building as part of the museum's expansion has been reportedly postponed until spring, raising a significant question concerning whether a model and drawing can be properly prepared prior to determining the fate of the building presently occupying the site.

Lest this kind of unclear thinking carry over to the design of the museum, its relationship to the overall fabric of the City of Portland, and, most especially, to the people who have to live with the monument, some serious questions must be asked:

Are the museum officials and the firm engaged to execute such a project conscious of not only the design of that particular

...Page 39



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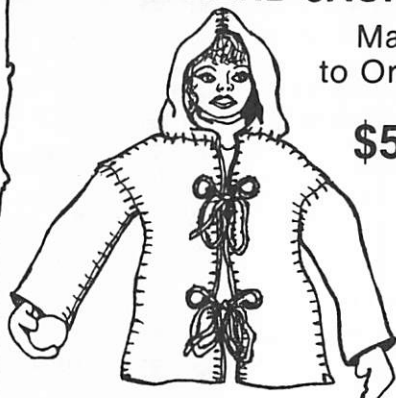
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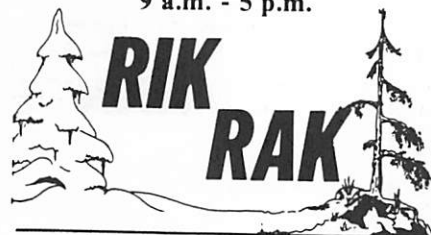


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Goings On

ART

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THE LITTLE ANTIQUE COLLECTION:
Bates College Treat Gallery Dec. 17-Jan. 28.

INDONESIAN TEXTILES: from the
Collection of Margaret Slattery, Hebron
Academy's Hupper Gallery through Jan. 6.
Gallery hrs.: 9 a.m.-3 p.m. weekdays; Sun.
2-5.

MUSIC:

GARRICK OHLSSON, PIANIST: Bates
College Chapel, Weds., Jan. 24, 8 p.m. Free
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S.A.D. #17 CHRISTMAS CONCERTS:
Dec. 14, Oxford Hills High School; Dec. 19,
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BEYOND THE HORIZON: by Eugene
O'Neill at Bates College Schaeffer Theatre,
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HOSPITAL GUILD FAIR: to Benefit
Northern Cumberland Memorial Hospital,
Bridgton Town Hall, Dec. 9, 10 a.m.



building and adjacent edifices, but more importantly, what the effect will be on nearby neighborhoods? Are they aware of the overall texture of Portland and the surrounding communities and environs?

What will this important new building contribute to the area of Southern Maine—not just in theory, but in reality?

Will this museum be liveable and comfortable for the existing architectural structure of Congress Square? Has an alternative site even been considered? How will this building affect the string of public spaces and squares of which Congress is but a part? How will it affect the inner city traffic and parking, as well as its style? Will other buildings have to be demolished to accommodate more parking lots?

Has a local firm of architects been employed to consult in this worthy project? Has dialogue with concerned local citizen groups, such as *Greater Portland Landmarks* been undertaken? In light of the energy crisis, what alternatives have been explored for heat and air conditioning? And, most importantly, will this museum *fit in*, not only with the existing historical monuments, but with the spirit of Portland and the character of the entire city?

The new wing of the museum—whether it's an entirely new building, or an adaptive reuse of the Libby Building—will be an important statement of Portland's view of herself. The site is unquestionably important due to its central location, much as the Florentine Dome was important, not for its architectural achievement alone, but because it was located in the center of the city.

The museum will occupy one major corner of the Congress Square complex, which is Victorian in character but presently under modern renovation. The city is currently revamping the street and sidewalk area of the Square. Greater Portland Landmarks has recently bought the H. H. Hayes building, known to Portlanders for generations, which is adjacent to the proposed new building. This square is already being revitalized into the thriving, pulsing center of the city.

Additionally, the new museum will be located near the first major residential area to be rebuilt after the Great Fire of 1866—Deering Street. Today, Deering Street remains one of the best-preserved, intact

19th century streetscapes in the city. So, the mere physical presence of a new, modern building will have an effect on the adjacent Deering Street neighborhood.

Toward the Harbor, the Spring Street area will be affected. This once-elegant residential area, for the most part, has been destroyed to make way for a commercial innkeeper of questionable aesthetic merit and for a widened thoroughfare.

Fortunately, certain particular buildings have been retained—the McLellan Mansions and the Clapp House, for example. The bus station which presently stands on the corner adjacent to the existing museum is scheduled for demolition. The new, widened street does provide a long vista from the corner of High Street and Spring Street down to the Old Port Exchange, which is indeed pleasant. However, it must also be remembered that the fortress-like Civic Center stands on this same street, so any new building must be considered in this light. For instance, if there exist two such exclusive and foreboding buildings within the same town, much less the same neighborhood, then the city begins to take on a *rejective* atmosphere like that of New York City.

Congress Square is but one of a string of open public places in the inner city. If one travels from Western Promenade along Congress Street to Longfellow Square, into Congress Square, up Congress Street past Lincoln Park, past Eastern Cemetery and finally onto Eastern Promenade, there is a continuous sense of connectedness about the peninsula. The irregular street system lends the inner city character and charm not found in cities where the grid pattern has been imposed. Thus, while this new museum is but a single building, one can begin to see just how *one* building can affect—positively or negatively—the site, the neighborhood, and the whole town.

The entire character of this section surrounding the museum is facing radical change. The people must be aware of, and have input into, what further changes occur here, for they will be the ultimate patrons. What we are suggesting here is that we see the individual object (the new museum) as a detail of a larger artifact—the city. ■

Dr. Henry, an assistant Professor of Art at the University of Southern Maine, is a member of the Society for Architectural Historians.

Folk Tales

THE MERRILL FAMILY OF SOUTH WATERFORD

Is Christmas hectic at your house? Just imagine what it would be like if you had fourteen children and sixteen grandchildren! That is the situation at the Mill Hill farmhouse of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Merrill, South Waterford.

Christmas at the Merrills has always been a traditional affair—for popcorn stringing and a turkey dinner with all the fixings (see Margaret Merrill's cranberry pie recipe in this month's *Homemade* section) prepared by several good cooks in the family. In the days when there were twelve little folks living there at one time, Santa brought lots of clothes and small toys. Santa's pretty busy elsewhere, filling stockings for all the grandchildren (ranging in ages from 19 to a few months) these days.

There are only three of those children living at home now. One son, Dick, and his family from New Hampshire always come up to Maine to stay for Christmas. Three children have homes in other states, but the

rest live nearby (in Oxford, Waterford, Harrison and Norway)—and they all drop in during the afternoon and evening.

The Merrill children are twenty-four years apart—the youngest being Jim, who just turned 14. Though they are a close family, they have all been together only once—in June of 1976 when they planned a very special "union" picnic. It was not a *reunion* because, by virtue of the fact that the oldest had left home before the youngest was born, and that several sons have been in the armed forces over the years, it never was possible to get them all together before.

Since the large gray farmhouse couldn't accommodate the entire family (which numbers 40 this year), summer is the time when they usually congregate. Then tents can be set up on the lawn and children can sleep in an A-frame camp up beyond the lovely little brook. But, Thanksgiving and Christmas are truly "big" days for the Merrills as well, even with only part of the clan there.



In the first family portrait since 1945 (when there were only six of them), the Merrills got together for the first time in 1976. Front row, left to right: Mary Delamater, Margaret, Edgar, Mrs. Winnifred Merrill (Edgar's mother), James; Middle row: William, Robert (Texas), Gail, Shirley, Marcia, Elizabeth Ouellette (Conn.), Jane Jones; Back row: Russell, Karen, Richard (N.H.), Edward (N.Y.), and Raymond.

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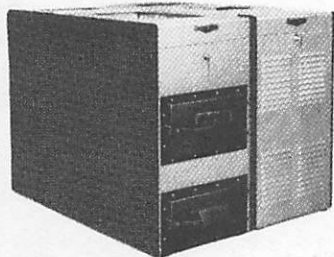
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Making It

GEORGE ARSENAULT: SANTA'S STONE MASON HELPER

by Nicky Kiger

What would Santa Claus' Christmas Eve comings and goings be, without a chimney? In order to talk with one of the people who has helped make St. Nick's holiday junkets so colorful, I wandered through the Lovell woods to the home of George Arsenault, a stone mason.



George Arsenault's chimneys range from simple brick...

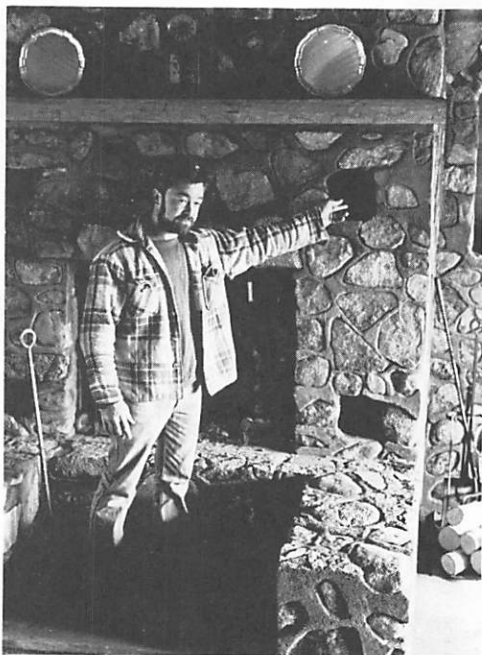
When George came north two years ago, he brought with him the knowledge gained from a five-year masonry apprenticeship in Massachusetts and eight years' experience as a self-employed tradesman, along with an impressive portfolio showing a flexibility of building style ranging from simple square brick chimneys to massive fieldstone monuments.

Like so many others, George moved his family members north in order to give them the chance to grow up at a leisurely country pace. The rambling family farmhouse—supposedly one of the oldest in Lovell—sits high on a hill overlooking the town. Simply settling down there was enough to stimulate the stone mason business, George says,

since so many houses in the area were originally built of brick and are now in need of at least minor repairs. Many years ago, the town had its own brickyard from which these older homes were built. But the yard is gone now and George goes all the way to Gorham for his supplies.

In addition to the older homes in need of chimney repair or replacement, George finds his business has also been sparked by the renewed interest in wood stoves, with many folks now in need of chimneys to serve as stove hook-ups. And, despite their lack of heat efficiency, there are a lot of people installing fireplaces for their own sake. The fieldstone fireplace, in particular, is gaining in popularity these days, according to George. Working in stone "takes a lot of patience, like a jigsaw puzzle," he says, since the material has to be cut with such precision.

Page 46...



...to massive fieldstone, weighing nearly 100 tons

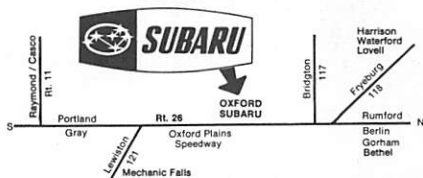


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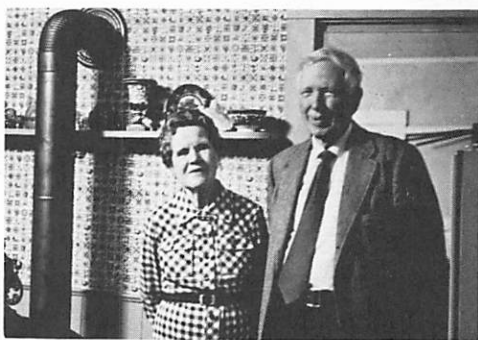


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our
First
Anniversary*

EXPLORING SHAKESPEARE

Residents of the area will be interested to know that John Hankins of Otisfield, whose contributions appear elsewhere in this issue, has recently published *Backgrounds of Shakespeare's Thought* (Archon Books, 300 pages, \$17.50). It is Hankins' fourth book on the bard, the earlier ones being *The Character of Hamlet* (1941), *Shakespeare's Derived Imagery* (1953), and the Penguin Edition of *Romeo and Juliet* (1960), which he edited. He is an emeritus professor of English from the University of Maine in Orono.

In the current volume, Hankins attempts to explore Shakespeare's knowledge of science and philosophy as evidenced by phrases and short speeches in his writings, many of which may seem meaningless to the reader unless he knows the background from which they come. The fields which are touched upon are astronomy, geology, theology, numerology, psychology, physiology, embryology, cultural anthropology, and moral teaching. Though a considerable part of the source material is from Latin, it is translated into English for the convenience of the general reader.



Professor Maynard Mack of Yale calls the book "the most thorough account of the background of Shakespeare's thought that has ever come my way." Professor Douglas Bush of Harvard calls it "a fine book, which puts Shakespeare firmly in his intellectual and cultural milieu."

The book is a useful source for scholars and general readers alike, who seek to increase their understanding of Shakespeare.



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Can You Place It?



...Page 42

"Some stones have to be cut with a stone chisel after studying the grains in the rock to determine if and where it will break," he explains. "Some rocks won't break at all and others will shatter if they are not cut properly."

Brick is by far an easier material to work with and, although it lacks the range of creative possibilities of the fieldstone, it still lends itself to a wide variety of design.

"It's not all just laying the bricks on their sides," says George, pointing out that the brick can be arranged in a variety of ways, either with the edges showing, on a diagonal, or upside-down for instance, so that the end result is indeed decorative.

George's new-found love is the construction of an entire house using a technique called "block bonding," which employs cinder blocks covered with a stucco-like material. He has just finished a place in Brownfield and plans to start another soon in Fryeburg.

Stone masonry appeals as an art and a profession, says George, because of its wide range of possibilities and the chance it provides for travel. A job can take anywhere

from one week to six depending on the complications involved and the weather conditions. In many instances, a carpenter must be called in to clear away beams prior to installing the fireplace, to avoid fire hazards.

"A lot of people don't bother to fireproof when they build a chimney," says George, touching on what is obviously a professional point of concern. "I'd like to see a program started to make chimneys safer. Masons ought to be licensed just like plumbers or electricians, since our job is just as important. Maybe fire departments should inspect houses to make sure the chimney work is safe."

George manages to do most of his building during the spring and summer. The fall is reserved for chimney checking and cleaning. And winter is left free for skiing, snowmobiling, hunting... and for Santa-watching.



MOON PATH

Black witch-finger clouds
 Grope like idiots to
 Dim the moon.
 They fail; its beam is
 Borne to earth by the
 Pathways of darkness, through
 The silence never jarred by sound.
 I look up at the ghost lanterns
 In my barn windows, the reflective
 Children of the moon-beam. They
 Signal the endless recurrence of
 The moon-beam in the village;
 (All revolutions thwarted in the
 Cricket-hymn silence).

*David M. Carew
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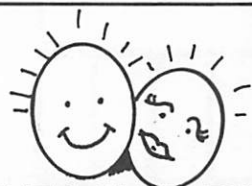
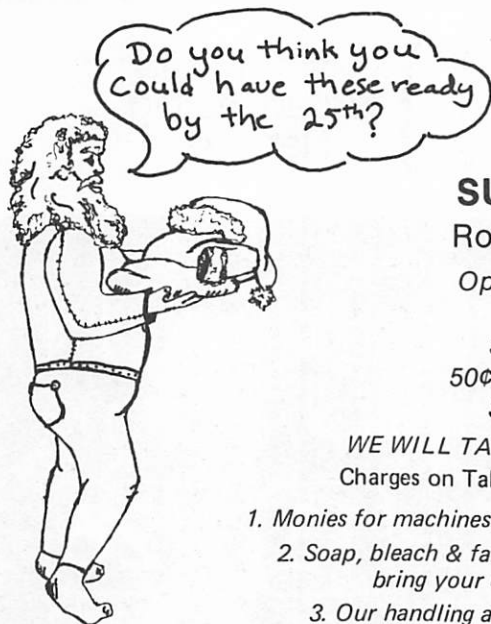
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Before long another homestead, belonging to Hopestill Austin, was ransacked. While Mrs. Austin was being robbed of her earrings and her wedding ring (which she finally managed to wrench free under threat of losing her finger), two of the Indians looted the house, taking a feather mattress outside and tearing it to shreds. The helpless family watched in terror as their ox was led to the front yard, slaughtered, and then roasted. By some good fortune, Mr. Austin had been upriver during the entire incident.

Having satisfied their cupidity, the Indians directed their captives in a westerly course. It was mid-afternoon.

"After resuming our march, Tomhegan took his gun and went from us...and soon came back with a colored man, named Plato. He said there were two men in a house nearby, besides the one Tomhegan had shot. A Mr. Peter Poor and Plato had gone to work again after dinner. As soon as they neared Tomhegan, Poor turned to run and he instantly shot him, and he died immediately."

With Plato now a captive, the Indians advised Lt. Jonathan Clark to return to Sudbury Canada, warning him to keep to the road. But he wisely crept back through the dense woods, having first crossed the Androscoggin. This action undoubtedly saved his life, for two Indians following him at some distance would assuredly have shot him as a deserter.

The line between established towns and unbroken wilderness that extended to

COMMON ALCHEMY

Yesterday morning gold turned to lead
And reverse alchemy prevailed.
A perverse sun rose heavy
And crossed the sky grayly
Hazing a blue day to halfflight.

When did you transmute your heart?
I set sapphires in your gold
And sunbathed in your winter light,
Now you show me glass and glitter
And I have forfeited rainbows.

What is love
That it refines dreams and leaves dross?

Sally Clay
Hiram

Thoughtfulness
springs from the heart.



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Canada was marked by the northernmost house in Shelburne, that of a Capt. Rindge. Characterized in the *Narrative* as being "amazingly alarmed," Rindge, at the approach of the Indians, offered them many of his goods in hope of distracting them. Despite his pleas of loyalty to the King, he was forced aside as the house was looted. According to Segar:

"They made a prisoner of Elijah Ingalls. He was only a boy, but Captain Rindge so far prevailed with the Indians, in his behalf, that they dismissed him."

For the rest of the journey, which ended two weeks later with their arrival at the St. Lawrence, the captives experienced near-starvation and the ever-present threat of sudden death. Their route extended into the range of mountains known as the Mahoosucs, lying north of Shelburne. We may assume, from Segar's "height of land between Androscoggin and Umbagog Lake," that this was the vicinity of Old Speck, third highest mountain in Maine. Here Segar, under threat of death, left a note on a strip of spruce bark, warning any with thoughts of rescue to turn back.



The Peter Poor monument, Shelburne, N.H.

In the last few pages of the *Narrative*, the researcher becomes absorbed in the details of the march—the three scalps (those of Pettengill, Poor, and another man overtaken before the attack on Sudbury Canada) and how they were revealed to the captives; the trip by canoe across Umbagog Lake and thence up the Magalloway River; the boiled moose-meat which revolted the prisoners, and the roasted moccasins of moose-hide which tasted little better; the voyage down the St. Francis River; and finally temporary relief at the end of a brutal trip.

While the Negro Plato was sold to a Frenchman and later managed to return to Shelburne where he spent the remainder of his life, Benjamin Clark and Nathaniel Segar were eventually escorted up the St.

Lawrence to Montreal, where they remained for forty days before a final move upriver to an island prison. Here they languished under discouraging conditions:

"We had been so worn down with hunger and a fatiguing journey through the wilderness, and distressing fears in our minds, that we were almost ready to despond. Our allowance was not half sufficient for us. In this place were multitudes of rats, which would devour the whole allowance that was granted us, and was of itself too small for us; but we took every measure to secure it from the rats. The lice, which we caught of the Indians, were a great annoyance to our bodies. We were, therefore, afflicted on every side."

As "rebels" (the term by which the British designated captive Americans, thus avoiding formal recognition of the colonial forces), Clark and Segar were to suffer some sixteen months' imprisonment. The fact that they had been captured as civilians was indeed a sad note, for they both knew that Congress in 1779 had established a policy of not allowing the exchange of British military prisoners for captured American civilians. To Segar, imprisonment was even more ironic, since he had lived through so many conflicts during his service without being taken captive.

After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown in October, 1781, a general exchange of prisoners began. Finally, on the tenth of November, 1782, having landed at Quebec a few days before, Segar and Clark embarked on a ship for Boston.

Though the Raid of 1781 cannot be claimed as a major assault, yet it seems to have had a pronounced effect on the Valley of the Androscoggin and its inhabitants. In Sunday River Plantation, the home of Benjamin Barker had been pillaged the day before the attack. In Sudbury Canada, the David Marshall family, upon hearing there might be hundreds of Indians about to enter the settlement, left for Hebron, never to return; the Abraham Russell family escaped with its horse and "two-pailed kettle" to Fryeburg, and there remained until confidence had been restored. Downriver at Rumford (then New Pennycook), Jonathan Keyes, his wife and children left for the relative safety of New Gloucester, but returned in 1783.

Soon after the news spread, a rescue party of some thirty men from Fryeburg, under

the command of Captain Stephen Farrington, made its way north over the trail through Lovell, Waterford, and Albany with the Indian Sabbatis as guide. Only after strong persuasion by Jonathan Clark, who had safely reappeared at his home, did they consider pursuit useless and return.

The night following the Raid at Shelburne, the few families there killed their dogs lest they give them away, banded together on a high point of land behind the Austin cabin and there spent the night. At dawn the next day they collected their few belongings and made the fifty-nine-mile trudge to Fryeburg. Since that time, the rise upon which they listened through the darkness for the sound of footsteps has been appropriately called "Hark Hill."

To guard against further attack, the people of Sudbury Canada erected two stockades of hewn timbers in the southern and eastern parts of town and applied to Massachusetts for soldiers to garrison them. The records of 1784 indicate expenses for two months' service for many of the men who stayed. Even more interesting is the claim for \$300 made by Segar and Clark after their eventual return from Newton. Segar later recalled how the inhabitants would come to the forts at night and how the soldiers drilled on a plank bridge near Twitchell's mill, for want of a cleared spot level enough.

The reasons behind the raid still remain to be understood. Dr. N. I. True gave as a prime reason the eight-dollar bounty paid by British officers for each captive, or for each scalp. Recalling the continual dispute over Indian territory in the Bethel region, one cannot help but feel that the whole encounter, so unlike other Revolutionary occurrences in Maine, represented a final, though obviously futile, effort on the part of the Indians against further encroachment on ancient tribal lands. Certainly, as victims of circumstance, the settlers suffered greatly, but who can say that the attacks were wholly unwarranted? The Jonathan Clark farm, thirty years before the Raid, was still being used as an Indian burial ground.

The death of Gilead's first settler, sad as it was, made its point to future inhabitants perhaps better than any verbal gesture could have. Furthermore, Peter Poor has the dubious honor of being the last white man killed by Indians in New Hampshire as well as in the entire Androscoggin Valley.

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At the Centennial of 1881, a lengthy discourse highlighting the known facts of the Raid was delivered, yet a replica of the stockade was burned in a reenactment! By 1931, not only did it seem historically accurate to burn buildings, but the Clark house, the original of which was destroyed in 1785, was promoted through maps and photographs as being a quarter-mile from the River.

As the Bicentennial of the "Last Indian Raid" draws near, it might be well for its celebrants to review the context in which it occurred. Only then will it become representative of an important turning point in New England history. ■

Randall H. Bennett is Chairman for Education and Research at the Moses Mason House Museum in Bethel, Maine, and an author of numerous historical articles. In 1977 he published a regional Maine history, *Sunday River Sketches: A New England Chronicle*. He frequently lectures on one of his specialties, White Mountain social history. His article, "New England's Last Indian Raid" first appeared in the September, 1978 issue of *The New England Galaxy*.

Reader's Room

DIARIES: THE FINAL WORD

Mainers are by reputation a taciturn people who are as unwilling to discuss personal matters as they are to accept unsolicited advice. Perhaps that is why I was surprised to find that my mother-in-law, Mrs. A.M. Pottle (a life-long resident of Maine), as part of her daily routine, penned her thoughts and reported on the day's events in a diary which was as open to the family as the Bible or the dictionary—each of the three considered the final word in some areas. Her diaries, I found, spanned her married life and offered glimpses of the political, social and family life of her community, state and nation.

I learned of this marvellous source of information and amusement one afternoon when my then-fiance was reminiscing about his family's tradition of fall picnics. Other families, he explained, were content with the drowsy picnics of summer. His family preferred crisp fall days when the chances were good of finding apples to munch or deer to watch. The food consumed on such outings sounded quite un-picnic-like to me: baked beans, hot stew, and corn bread or hot rolls. I could see no reason why any woman in her right mind would consent to travel with several children, a husband, and a variety of cast-iron containers of hot food.

"My mother loved it," Kemp assured me. "I'll prove it to you." He went to a bookcase and brought down a red book with 1940 prominently displayed on the binding. "My mother's diary," he explained.

I was shocked. Reading someone's diary was unheard of! He thumbed through the pages and then read an entry. I was captivated. When we finished that diary we went on to others. We spent the remainder of the afternoon laughing at his family's activities and drooling over his mother's description of pre-war meals: pounds of lobster, scallops, fresh butter, and gallons of thick cream. A few words of notation served to spark recollections of episodes which had been forgotten for years.

The diaries were more than lists of events and menus. They were a chronicle of the

emotional and intellectual growth of a woman, from young bride to strong-minded, competent mother, wife, and teacher whose days were almost too busy to pack it all in. I could flip through the pages and read the words she had written from the day my husband was born to the fall she watched him leave for Colby College. The diaries were more exciting than any novel I had ever read. I *knew* these flesh-and-blood people.

I discovered that the diaries were the last word in many family disagreements: what was served on the Fourth of July in 1944 with no sugar or meat stamps when the MacDonalds dropped in unexpectedly; or, was John 4 or 5 when he broke his arm; was it 1947 or 1948 that Jane worked at the Asticou? This kind of unimportant detail nags many when there is no place to turn for sure answers. In my husband's family there is always *the diary*.

Following my mother-in-law's good example, I have kept a diary throughout my married life. Each year at Christmas my husband presents me with my "red book." I now have quite a stack of books filled with accounts of the joys and sorrows of our years together. When our grown-up children have birthdays, I frequently send them a page of birthday remembrances. It might run something like this, sent to our son:

August 22, 1962—what a day! Washed, cleaned, and decorated an angel food cake for John's birthday. Last, but not least, I organized the treasure hunt for the party. The "pot of gold" was buried in the garden. Jere Dana made the discovery. We gave John his banjo, rock identification book, puzzle, etc. before breakfast. The party was a great success—the kids loved the hunt and all went home dirty, covered with frosting, and filled with ice cream.

August 22, 1972—John's first birthday away from home. He is somewhere en route from Phoenix, Arizona. It seemed strange not to be making a birthday cake. We think some things will never change—they do.

My diaries have given me a great deal of satisfaction while reminding me how quickly the present becomes the past.

Friends have said to me when learning of my diary-keeping, "What a pain it must be to write something down at the end of a bad day." Well, sometimes it is a pain, or I forget, or I get lazy. Fortunately, this feeling never lasts for long. After a time, diary-keeping becomes like toothbrushing, part of the routine which finishes off a day and brings it all into perspective.

Jean L. Pottle
Raymond

Mrs. Pottle is a teacher at Casco Junior High School.

YOU DON'T SAY

While my grandson, John, eight, and his sister Sarah, six, were helping to clean out the henhouse, John instructed her in the mysteries of creation:

"God made everything. He made the sun and the moon and the stars and the earth and all the people and everything else."

"Do you mean," asked Sarah, "that God took time to make every little thing there is?"

"Yes," answered John. "He made every little thing."

"Well, did God make this hen manure?"

John hesitated, as such an activity seemed a bit undignified for the Deity's personal attention, and then came up with the answer:

"No, but God made the hens, and the hens made the manure."

Could there be a better distinction of the ultimate cause and the immediate cause than this?

John E. Hankins
Oxford

NOVEMBERFIELD

Across November's fallen field
Gently does Elizabeth carry
Witch grass' spent seedhead
Which bewitched is Goldilocks

Goldilocks and her friends
Mama Papa Baby Bear
Ate porridge and tea
In a corn stalk house

Talk turned to important things
Why clouds hurry by
The sun must sleep
& broken chairs mended

Wind rustled the stalks
Goldilocks rose & danced
Cast loose a seed
& tumbled with her cousins

Seedheads become people lost
The child weeps in hay

Winslow Durgin
Minot

Ed. Note: We are here repeating a poem from last month's issue which suffered a few typographical errors, for which we apologize.

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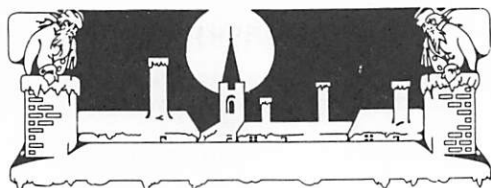
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...Page 40

Pretty, energetic Margaret Bell Merrill was one of 7 children herself. Though she exceeded all family expectations, she has always found the time for doing just about everything—baking each week, sewing, canning thousands of quarts of vegetables from the family garden, working at various jobs (she currently works for Norway Nursing Home), and being a mainstay of the Community Club as well. Her children (many of them 4-H members) were raised to cook and sew and build and work on the farm.

Edgar Merrill, a lovable "Santa" of a man, has always kept a farm going, with milk-cows, pigs and chickens to feed the family, ponies for the children to ride, and wood for the stove—in addition to holding down various jobs—most recently as a woodsman and carpenter for many years. ■

N. E. M.



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PRICE CUT \$2,000!



Have you been looking for a home that's different? Don't want just 4 square walls? Secluded area, yet year-round accessibility on a town road? High on the side of a mountain overlooking the White Mountains, on approximately 2½ acres sits this house with "Seven Gables." So much detail all for so little. Stone fireplace, Cathedral ceiling with hanging light fixture made from real wagon wheel, barn-board siding, etc. Lovely modern kitchen and dining area with the Colonial touch. Lots of built-in extras. 1 large bedroom down, 2 or 3 up. Basement with washer-dryer hookup & FHW furnace — all on ground level with walkout door. Must be seen. Owners relocating; are selling at sacrifice price of ~~\$41,700~~

Reduced to \$39,700

Would 250 beautiful, surveyed acres be enough land for you? This land has not only a 15-acre tree plantation, but is also located on high land with an excellent view potential. The old farm site still offers an excellent granite and rock foundation and a good well. Land around farm could easily be returned to field. Owner will finance at 8½%.

Priced for quick sale at \$32,500

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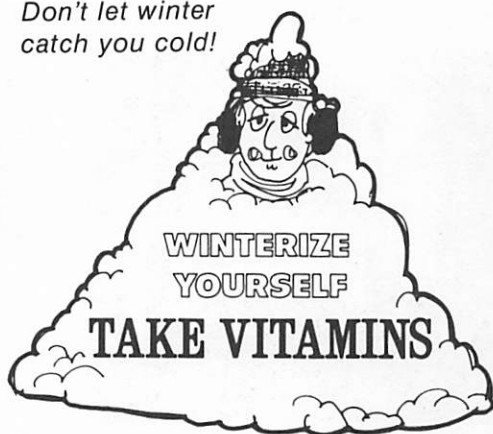
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